

ever was seen, though at the same Time he was one of the prettiest.

Mignon well knowing the implacable and revengeful Disposition of this cruel Tyrant, sought every Opportunity of being alone with *Fidus*, and carrying him his daily Provisions at those Hours he knew the Giant was most likely to be asleep.

It so befel, that one Day the wicked Giant had been abroad without finding any on whom he could glut his hateful Inhumanity; when tired with fruitless Searches, he returned Home and threw himself on his Couch, to try if he could close his Eyes and quiet the tumultuous Passions of his Breast.

Mean while the gentle *Mignon* had prepared a delicate Repast, and having seen the Monster lay himself at length, and thinking now that a fit Opportunity offered to comfort and regale the distressed *Fidus*, was hastening with it to the Cell where he lay confined. At this fatal Moment the Giant rearing himself on his Couch, perceived the little *Mignon* just at the Entrance of the Cell: When calling
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to him in a loud Voice, he so startled the little Page that he let the Cover fall, and stood fixed and motionless as a Statue.

The Giant rousing himself from the Couch, put forth his Arm, and seized him by the Waist, then pointing to the scattered Delicates, cried out, "Is this the mouldy Bread and muddy Water, with which alone it was my Commands thou shouldst sustain that puny Mortal? I'll not destroy thee, but thou shalt end thy Days in a dark Dungeon, and I will supply you both so equally with mouldy Bread and muddy Water, that each by his own Sufferings, shall daily know what his dear Friend endures." So saying he thrust him into one of his deepest Dungeons, doubly barred the Iron Door; and again retiring to his Couch, sunk into a sound Sleep.

When *Mignon* was thus alone he threw himself on the Ground, and on a sudden perceiving at a little Distance from him, a small glimmering Light, immediately he arose, went to it, and
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